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Ravioli Fiorentini

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Ravioli Fiorentini · *Beatrice Hawley*

The shape of land changes.
Great yellow machines
have flattened the olive grove
I thought Jesus lived in
(with that purple light
coming over the hillside
when the sun set
how could it not be true?)

We spread the white linen
under the olive trees
and ate Lydia's green ravioli cold.

She has not said a word
for thirty years. I make
green ravioli, my hands
repeat the gestures exactly,
make the dimples
with the wet tines of a fork.

A hill blooms on my tongue
I know the secret ingredient
that flavors this meal
faithfully, faithfully executed.